

The Spirit of the Age,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY
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Original Papers.

Courtship Correspondence.

Between Mr. North and Miss South.

BY FLORENCE TAY.

Mr. N. First, of course, and don't be mad, now—first, are you courted? I always want to know that about my female correspondents, for if they are not courted, why the fat is all in the fire, and I care but little about them. This may be selfish, and it is, for it grows out of my morbid desire to court all the pretty little dainties myself.

Miss S. Oh, ha! terrible—but as you can't look upon my blooming cheek, may be I may manage to get through.

Well—yes—no—that is, I am sometimes when I can cheat some poor youth into the belief that I like him a little—just a little, you know—and then some poodle eye when I meet him by moonlight alone, and his heart is palpitating with the enormous, all-important query, he soon finds himself in the cold water bath of—'I'm over young to marry yet.'

Mr. N. If you are courted, please tell me plump and plain, who and what you are courted by, and such other little details as would be interesting.

Miss S. Well, no one in particular, just now; they've left me alone for some days, for which I'm really grateful, and I don't care if I never get another beau, unless I can make a better conquest than I did the last time. He committed the unpardonable sin of having a red head! I always did hate blazing locks, and I got rid of him as fast as possible, in the most modern and approved style; that is, when he requested the 'honor and happiness of seeing me home' from church, last week, I told him—certainly, with pleasure; as there was no moon, I should need a light! He didn't come farther than the door, and I haven't seen him since!

Mr. N. Tell me how you like the fun, if fun it be, of being shined up to. Do you like the amusement?

Miss S. Well, yes, rather; it gives us girls something to think of and laugh about, when we're nothing else to do. It really is amusing to think that we little, frail, helpless things, can, with our bright eyes, make you strong, proud, self-consequential man, quake and color like a very board-school miss! Oh! yes, I like it right well!

Mr. N. Please tell me the maddest episode of the business, as relates to the gentleman's part. Be particular about the matter, for I am desirous of learning.

Miss S. Oh! touch a bird to fly when it's full-fledged! 'Go and ask your mother, and the thousand and one girls who have told you No! in the days of 'old lang syne.' You must be more than 'thirty,' if you've forgotten, after such a world of experience and practice.

Mr. N. You are not a little severe on my ill-luck, in matters of the heart; however, it was paying me off in my own coin, and though I've 'caught a Tartar,' I'll not grumble. But please do me the favor to state what system of courting you prefer?

Miss S. I begin to think it would be prudent to tell you, you're too anxious to know. I begin to suspect something. If you'll promise not to take advantage of it to get yourself into trouble, may be I'll comply with your request.

Mr. N. Now what do you begin to suspect, dear Sallie? Tell me! You needn't suspect that I'm not an honest man, for I am, Sallie; I'm very honest, and I want you to consider me, for I wouldn't have you suspect anything wrong for the world; I think too much of you for that. So you would like to know how I look?

Miss S. Bless my life! you'd better believe I don't care a fig about it, no, indeed! I'd like to know where you got that from, Mr. Lawyer.

Mr. N. And how did you know, you fairy, that your humble servant is a limb of that ancient and honorable profession—the law? Well, it is, even so, my fair one, and a thankless, cool-freezing, sensibility-destroying, love-destroying, honor-tainting, conscience-hardening profession it is, as no doubt you already know. But as to things person, I am not a very large man.

Miss S. No! I reckon you would not have to stoop much more than half a yard to get through a ten-foot-high door!

Mr. N. Imagine me ugly as a Rocky Mountain Budgee.

Miss S. Perhaps a Rocky Mountain Budgee would not budge along unusually rapid, riding the other way, at sight of your coming-to-eatin-him face!

Mr. N. A dear lover of beef and brandy!

Miss S. Well, I don't often credit what a Lawyer says, but I believe every word of that, for a wonder! The tone of your letters confirm the first, and the last is universally known to be a Lawyer's native element.

Mr. N. And once, in my young days, when called a 'hard case,' but now a good deal sobered down.

Miss S. Precisely! that reminds me of the wise man's saying—'train up a child in the way he should (n't) go, and when he is old—he will know the context. Needn't say a word about being 'sobered down'; I'm a pretty good Yankee, as far as guessing goes.

Mr. N. Come into my office any day, when the clerks are out, and you will see me sitting at a green velvet-covered table, hair long, and falling in, not very smooth masses over my neck and forehead; a pen behind the right ear, and a newspaper in my hand, and you have the picture of Nat North, complete and life-like.

Miss S. 'Come into your office?' Excuse me, please; I've such a radical antipathy to the odor of apple pie, when it has undergone a certain process, that I always prefer going two squares out of the

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to avoid an old intoxicating liquor reveler, ejected from some mercantile establishment, upon the side-walk! Good by, sir.

ACT II.

Mr. N. I am, at a loss to divine the meaning of that 'good bye,' sweet Sallie, I presume it intended to convey this:—'I have enough of you, so let our correspondence cease!' There is no doubt, say you mind, as to the correctness of the supposition, and thus I shall not look for a reply to this, especially as you were very careful not to ask me to write.

Now, as sincere as my admiration is for my friends—as much as I respect and love those to whom I 'take,' and as much real pleasure as it gives me to correspond with such, still I am as independent as a carter's engine with a rule in his mouth, and never bow and scrape, for the sake of keeping a friend. I never saw a lawyer, and it is as hard drawing a sigh from their flinty souls as a tear from a granite block. I told you before, that we were a heartless set of sophists, and so we are. Now, Sallie, as I said before, I never expect to hear from you, directly, again, while time endures, though it would give me infinite pleasure to do so; and all I can say, is, that I must round up and take it.

Miss S. No, you didn't 'expect' any such thing, and you know it just as well as I! Now when 'night, sable goddess,' throws her mantle o'er the world and pins it with a star, just you think of this tremendous 'fib,' and see how you'll call upon the sheets and quilts to fall upon your guilty head, and hide you from the spectres haunting your abused and dilapidated conscience. 'O would some power the giddy globe,' to delegate a little compunction to the office of beating down the door of your 'flinty soul,' and with the wand of 'change,' strike a repentant tear, for this outrageous language, (2) from your 'granite' heart. 'Take care that you don't meet the gentleman in black, some midnight hour, and have to render an account for the great presumption, and wonderful facility with which you trespassed upon his premises, and usurped his special privilege, when you gave utterance to such an astonishing did-believe-it!'

Mr. N. Oh! I did not expect to hear from you again, you rattle-brained creature you; and you tell me that I lie—fib! Why should I fib?—could any results be deduced from the premises, than those which I arrived at? You did not ask me to reply to your letter; on the contrary, the tone of that utterly forbade any such supposition. I always tell my friends to write, to answer speedily, too; but you said nothing—aye, worse than nothing! But you are a tormenting creature as ever I had the luck to run foul of, and so I utterly heartless and vindictive do I consider you, that I really shouldn't wonder if you did, some day, impale me upon the point of your cruel pen!

Miss S. Yes, verily! I 'used up' two lawyers before you ever winced under the discharge of my battery; so you'd better look out, or you may find yourself, some day, suspended in effigy, upon the sharp point of this miserable pen of mine!

Mr. N. Oh! you voracious cannibal! have made way with two lawyers, and they not satisfying your awful appetite, you are about to swallow a third! Did those two digested easily, or did they give you a touch of the nocturnal hallucination?

Miss S. No, indeed, that was only a small affair; it did not begin to give me the horrors. I'm very much like Reynard, when he declared 'Chanticleer very good, but I have not had enough yet!'

Mr. N. What do you mean?

Miss S. Mean? why I mean to serve you the very same way, if you don't believe I don't care a fig about it, no, indeed! I'd like to know where you got that from, Mr. Lawyer.

Mr. N. And how did you know, you fairy, that your humble servant is a limb of that ancient and honorable profession—the law? Well, it is, even so, my fair one, and a thankless, cool-freezing, sensibility-destroying, love-destroying, honor-tainting, conscience-hardening profession it is, as no doubt you already know. But as to things person, I am not a very large man.

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Miss S. 'Come into your office?' Excuse me, please; I've such a radical antipathy to the odor of apple pie, when it has undergone a certain process, that I always prefer going two squares out of the

mankind." Come now, dear one, let us leave off joking and funning, and talk seriously.

Miss S. Excellent!

Mr. N. Won't you do it, my dear, little darling?

Miss S. To be sure I will—but you must lead off, mind you; maybe I'll get used to it after a while, anyhow, I'll try. I wish heartily there was a cave in this vicinity, after your proposition; I'd imitate the example of Burdette, and go down and write tragedies a few weeks, just for the sake of fubbing the spirit of soberness in good earnest. Query—does the gentleman in black ever take a fancy to visit apartments in this oblate spheroid? because if he does, I think I'll trust myself liable to his Majesty's intrusion, just yet, as I am not as well prepared as you are, to meet his honor single-handed. I should like to be sufficiently panoplied for such an emergency, as my physical strength would probably drop a few degrees below zero, at sight of your familiar friend's would-like-to-be-intimate face.

As you are aware of the gentleman's predilections and peregrinating propensity, please, inform me if I would perchance, be under the necessity of vacating the premises, during your *liege lord's* dismal reconnoitering perambulations, and oblige, as my interruption, I have ever found to be fatal to poetry. 'Won't I be serious?' To be sure I will! but you must give me time to brush the dust of levity from my brain, and garnish the cavity with a little mature deliberation. I always would exceed in everything I undertook, and if I could not do that, I would not do at all; like the brave general commanding his troops, and urging them to 'fight, noble soldiers, and never give up; but if there is a necessity then run; and I am a little nervous, I'll stand now! I reckon by the time you get your 'serious' letter done up, I shall be able to compete for the prize, for *quid homo fecit faciat*, and if you succeed, I shall not despair. It's freezing cold up your way, now, isn't it? So much the better for you and a mighty saving of fuel, you'll find it; for there's no doubt in my mind, whatever, but the effort to get that Deacon-faced epistle off hands and conscience, will be equal to any quantity of hickory limbs and rich lightwood!—*Nous verrons!*

Mr. N. Oh! upon you, for a hard-hearted, unsympathizing, incapable-of-loving, voracious cannibal!

Miss S. Ha! I like that. I did serve them badly, I'm happy to say; very ugly indeed! but then you know, I couldn't help it, I hated to hurt the feelings of the poor, proud things, but I'm always bound to shine if there's the least possible chance, and such an opportunity as they gave me, don't happen every day, and as every sensible body would, I availed myself of it, and so built myself up, on their miserable wreck! Wasn't it noble?

Mr. N. If you used up two lawyers, you are either an Amazon, or they were a milk-sap set, I don't know which; but I'm inclined to think they were not much punks, for Sallie South, you would fall before my fire, just as certainly as you should attempt to stand up before it. You mustn't think that because you've killed two, you can kill all. Oh, no! my love; I am candid and really honest when I say to you, that I think I could subdue you and bring you to terms. Talk about 'flinty hearts'; why Sallie, yours is as much harder than flint, as flint is harder than hot houny.

Miss S. Can't deny it, Nat, (albeit it used to be tender and sympathetic, and is yet, towards some objects.) No wonder you run poor Nat, my 'lignum-vitae priddings' haven't the soothing and satisfying effect of your 'custard' ones, have they? I'm rather sorry I made them so powerful, but you know I wasn't aware of your weak constitution, I guess this will be easier to masticate. As the kind lady said to her little lap-dog when it had bitten somebody—'Poor Fido, I hope it won't make him sick!'

Mr. N. I never was foiled or beaten by any piece of duality in christendom, and I've kindled no small quantity of the commodity.

Miss S. Indeed!—let me congratulate you upon your unparalleled success in setting fire to some unwary merchant's store-house, with impunity! It would require a greater amount of credulity than I am capable of exercising, to believe it was made up and over.

Mr. N. Well never mind it, Sallie; I like you so well that I can't find it in my heart to get wroth at your sharp shots. I had a letter a little while ago, saying that my little southern bird, is 'rich, handsome and talented'; and the letter said something else which I shall not tell you; I wish it was true, though—no. You say you like to be courted, but you haven't informed me how. Why wouldn't it be prudent to tell me? I'm not very anxious, for human nature is alike in every clime, only a good deal more so in warm ones.

Miss S. I'll own it's more alike here than at the North, and if you were only with us Southerners, just now, you'd confess you never saw anything 'like it.' I'm away up in the third story of 'human nature's' habitation, 'wanting to know' who told you I was 'rich, handsome and talented.' I wouldn't care so much about it, only I'm afraid you'll believe it, and then there would be the mischief to pay—long journey, and farewell sighs upon your part! Let me say, that creature wherever it was, don't know anything about it, at all, and only wants to get you in a bad scrape. You beware of them!

Mr. N. I have told you, Sallie, that I love you, and so I do. You say that love is retiring, modest and speaketh not, but I am outspoken, and talk just what I mean and feel. This may be a singular declaration, that I fear you'll treat it with

your usual cronic levity, but never mind, I'm good for't. But let us talk of your last letter. What an almighty rignarole you've gone through about 'grim ghosts,' 'sable goddesses,' 'curtains of night,' 'dilapidated consciences,' 'spectres,' 'flinty souls' and all this! What do you mean? What have I done to bring down such a lecture from my sweet little southern flower? Save me, oh heavens! horrors seize me! I'm a goner! What do you suppose I care for the 'gentleman in black?' The virtuous are always safe—always; the good have a shield and buckler—are clothed in an armor that defies the onslaught of the Evil One, and I'm safe from his venom. But how is dear Sallie? Is she altogether secure? If she has no fears of his Satanic Majesty, and if he cannot harm her, her conscience must be a torment—a terrible chastizer; for think, dear Sallie, think of the awful basting you gave me, in that last letter! How did you feel after getting off that jag? Were you not sorry the moment you sent the letter? I know you were.

Miss S. Well now you missed it there, considerably, I'm happy to inform you. I've been congratulating myself ever since that started, because of the charmingly graceful, and clever manner in which I rewarded you for your manifold transgressions. I shall begin to think you are a poor apology for a Yankee, if you don't redeem your character by a little more creditable guessing. I would love to give you a *dessert* but haven't room. *An revoir.*

ACT III.

Mr. N. Thank God! the 'dessert' was spared to me, and I breathe free! Yes, Sallie, I'm still alive—I feel that I am; I'm still a denizen of this little terrestrial ant-hill, but oh heavens! what a wreck of my former self!—what a poor, insignificant, and used up piece of humanity! What an utterly wretched wretch am I! I, who forty-eight hours ago was supremely happy in the consciousness of being a man—a whole man—who strutted the streets larger, indeed, than life, now a writhing worm, struggling beneath the tiny but cruel foot of a soulless lady! Can it be possible that you—the sweetest southern rosebud, now a few short weeks ago, I hoped—oh! fondly hoped!—to transplant to, and nurture in my northern garden—is it possible, my God! can it be, that the fair flower I hoped would, one day lend a beauty to my little green bower, and fill the air I breathe, with its sweet perfume—is it possible that she is the cold-blooded murderess that she has proved herself to be!

Must I believe the awful truth? I must! I must! But foolish man, why take on in this whimpering manner! I foresaw all this! I told you, Sallie, that my ultimate fate was to be impaled upon the point of your cruel pen! I know it; then why complain? I'll do so no more; but I pray you, dear one, to save me from further tortures. Though you gave me timely warning, still I could not believe you all a cannibal; I could not believe that you would devour me. No, Sallie, though my brethren were wantonly sacrificed by you (poor souls!) though your heart was steel against their cries, and your soul felt no pity at their helpless moans, still, my sweet one, I did not think that I should share their fate—I could not believe you would be so cruel to me! But alas! alas! I'm a goner! and (this being the first time that I ever experienced such awful defeat!) please 'plumsey my phinks.' But, seriously, Sallie, (and now get me a 'Deacon-faced' one, and am going to talk serious) why have you pitched into me so like a thousand of brick, with out mercy or any apparent compunctions of conscience? Do you intend to crush me entirely; or what under the sun is your intention?

Miss S. I always thought, from a little weeding, that there was something really lovable in humility and give-in-ness, especially when there wasn't a single pillar or post that we might 'set our affections upon,' and thereby be enabled to 'hold out faithful to the end'; and inasmuch as you've confessed yourself 'beaten,' and laid down your sword, right handsomely, to shame those despicable red-coats, that acted so contemptible a part on Groton hill, I'll not run you through, with the surrendered blade, but put your humbled head with the hilt, and say kindly—'well done, thou defeated son of Coke; go in peace!'

Mr. N. I cannot but be pleased, when I contrast your letters with your last letter, that it was so rational like, that I see that it was so rational like? Oh no! I need not say such things, for this you know already, you know that your letters always delighted me, for I have told you so. I said your last was moonlike, and so it was, only now and then the low would leak out just a little—the satire would show itself occasionally; but you did well—very well to keep down so long. It was a labored effort, I know, but you were afraid to be entirely serious, for fear that I might play false, and so trip you after all. I see your confidence in me, is not so strong as it should be.

Miss S. My Bible tells me, 'put not your trust in princes,' and I'm going to.

Mr. N. Then you were compelled to own up to a want of confidence in me! I know all the time, just as well as you did, but how nicely you got out of it! 'Learned not to put your trust in princes,' but rather, in a higher and nobler being! Oh, Sallie! I saw the 'cat under the meal.' I knew just what you would have like to say, and would have said, but for your generosity of soul which saved my feelings, as you knew it would. No, no! my darling, you don't catch me playing false with a good, confiding girl. I never do such things, but when I run afoul of a hard case, why the one that wins is the

'cause why? if you do you'll very soon find that your little craft has run into the 'Dismal Swamp' of my vengeance, and I venture to say, no one will volunteer to be responsible for its jeopardized bulk.

How do you like the taste of that neck beverage, you've taken to lately? I mean the liquid in that 'bottle' you speak of. I see you stumbled over it, nightly; I reckon it must go down rather hard yet. 'Tis said that water is a dangerous element, but I venture to predict you'll feel better when you get used to it!

Mr. N. That lady, Sallie, is a beautiful one—rich, handsome and talented, but she don't come up to my standard of what a woman should be for she hasn't the real stuff in her, that I discover in another. The fact is, sweet Sallie, I kinder, sorter like you—like you well—do upon my word, Sallie, but if I am correctly informed, you are soon to be taken, by a promising son of the South (horrors seize him!) to his home, where you are to reside as mistress and be his partner for life! Come now, sweet Sallie, sit down and give me a good, long, sober kind of letter—a real natural letter, and tell me, Sallie, if you like me. And for heaven's sake be easy with that pen of yours; don't slay me in cold blood, because you see, I cry for quarter, and am coming to.

Miss S. Pray be good enough to inform me who said I was going to be bound in Hymen's silken bands? It's a giant fib that hasn't an inch of *terra firma* to support itself upon, and consequently must inevitably topple over and gravitate towards the land of its nativity, deep down below, and find in its swift descent, that 'Jordan is a hard road! Can't I have a 'spare' without getting in a blue? I have a 'D' like to know? Bless me! I've no more idea of being a 'caged birdie,' than of going up to Hardscrabble to freeze. But you talk about liking me vastly; and now before I give loose reins to my fancy and go wandering, everlastingly, among the mountains of New England, 'sighing like furnace' after your amorous swain, I want to know 'if you've a Gulliver or a Lilliputian?' Are you so tall that you have to get up on a ladder to take off your hat, or so short that you go down in the cellar to put your hand in your pocket? because if you are, you'll suit, just right, for I would take some one that did things rather out of the usual order, to entrap me. They've been trying it, now, ten years, and every time, they missed it precisely where they did before!—for matrimony, I have heard say, is like paddy's mustard, when he cried over his dear wife's head, a good many years ago, and another poor sinner, misled by his assertion, tried a spoonful of the 'good stuff,' and wished Pat No. 1, had been hung when his daddy was!

Mr. N. Will you never be serious? For heaven's sake, my dear Sallie, put on your sober cap—brush away those unseemly cobwebs of levity, 'garnish your cranium with soberness,' and then put it through. Is, *ex necessitate rei*, you must write with the point of a dagger dipped in a fluid of gall—if you must use a poor mortal up, with your sarcastic pen—if you cannot write in your former vein, to me, for heaven's sake stop! I give in! Hold! hold! Write immediately, dear darling, and don't hash up a dish of spicy, pebbly fibs, for I've got enough of such dabs, and probably you have. You know I think a heap of you, sweet Sallie, and so would be serious in what I say.

Miss S. You think a heap of me, sweet Sallie, precisely; I knew it would come to that, it always does! I honor your sweet cant tremendously, to prove which, I mean to comply with your reasonable request, and give you a sound, 'serious' and 'natural' letter. But before I set sail now, over the deep still waters of sense and reason, for the green pastures of erudition smiling beyond, you will be so good as to allow me just one significant remark, and that is—if you are only like the old cat that rolled himself in the dust, thinking by his deep claws, into me so like a thousand of brick, with out mercy or any apparent compunctions of conscience? Do you intend to crush me entirely; or what under the sun is your intention?

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How do you like the taste of that neck beverage, you've taken to lately? I mean the liquid in that 'bottle' you speak of. I see you stumbled over it, nightly; I reckon it must go down rather hard yet. 'Tis said that water is a dangerous element, but I venture to predict you'll feel better when you get used to it!

Mr. N. That lady, Sallie, is a beautiful one—rich, handsome and talented, but she don't come up to my standard of what a woman should be for she hasn't the real stuff in her, that I discover in another. The fact is, sweet Sallie, I kinder, sorter like you—like you well—do upon my word, Sallie, but if I am correctly informed, you are soon to be taken, by a promising son of the South (horrors seize him!) to his home, where you are to reside as mistress and be his partner for life! Come now, sweet Sallie, sit down and give me a good, long, sober kind of letter—a real natural letter, and tell me, Sallie, if you like me. And for heaven's sake be easy with that pen of yours; don't slay me in cold blood, because you see, I cry for quarter, and am coming to.

Miss S. Pray be good enough to inform me who said I was going to be bound in Hymen's silken bands? It's a giant fib that hasn't an inch of *terra firma* to support itself upon, and consequently must inevitably topple over and gravitate towards the land of its nativity, deep down below, and find in its swift descent, that 'Jordan is a hard road! Can't I have a 'spare' without getting in a blue? I have a 'D' like to know? Bless me! I've no more idea of being a 'caged birdie,' than of going up to Hardscrabble to freeze. But you talk about liking me vastly; and now before I give loose reins to my fancy and go wandering, everlastingly, among the mountains of New England, 'sighing like furnace' after your amorous swain, I want to know 'if you've a Gulliver or a Lilliputian?' Are you so tall that you have to get up on a ladder to take off your hat, or so short that you go down in the cellar to put your hand in your pocket? because if you are, you'll suit, just right, for I would take some one that did things rather out of the usual order, to entrap me. They've been trying it, now, ten years, and every time, they missed it precisely where they did before!—for matrimony, I have heard say, is like paddy's mustard, when he cried over his dear wife's head, a good many years ago, and another poor sinner, misled by his assertion, tried a spoonful of the 'good stuff,' and wished Pat No. 1, had been hung when his daddy was!

Mr. N. Will you never be serious? For heaven's sake, my dear Sallie, put on your sober cap—brush away those unseemly cobwebs of levity, 'garnish your cranium with soberness,' and then put it through. Is, *ex necessitate rei*, you must write with the point of a dagger dipped in a fluid of gall—if you must use a poor mortal up, with your sarcastic pen—if you cannot write in your former vein, to me, for heaven's sake stop! I give in! Hold! hold! Write immediately, dear darling, and don't hash up a dish of spicy, pebbly fibs, for I've got enough of such dabs, and probably you have. You know I think a heap of you, sweet Sallie, and so would be serious in what I say.

Miss S. You think a heap of me, sweet Sallie, precisely; I knew it would come to that, it always does! I honor your sweet cant tremendously, to prove which, I mean to comply with your reasonable request, and give you a sound, 'serious' and 'natural' letter. But before I set sail now, over the deep still waters of sense and reason, for the green pastures of erudition smiling beyond, you will be so good as to allow me just one significant remark, and that is—if you are only like the old cat that rolled himself in the dust, thinking by his deep claws, into me so like a thousand of brick, with out mercy or any apparent compunctions of conscience? Do you intend to crush me entirely; or what under the sun is your intention?

Miss S. I always thought, from a little weeding, that there was something really lovable in humility and give-in-ness, especially when there wasn't a single pillar or post that we might 'set our affections upon,' and thereby be enabled to 'hold out faithful to the end'; and inasmuch as you've confessed yourself 'beaten,' and laid down your sword, right handsomely, to shame those despicable red-coats, that acted so contemptible a part on Groton hill, I'll not run you through, with the surrendered blade, but put your humbled head with the hilt, and say kindly—'well done, thou defeated son of Coke; go in peace!'

Mr. N. I cannot but be pleased, when I contrast your letters with your last letter, that it was so rational like, that I see that it was so rational like? Oh no! I need not say such things, for this you know already, you know that your letters always delighted me, for I have told you so. I said your last was moonlike, and so it was, only now and then the low would leak out just a little—the satire would show itself occasionally; but you did well—very well to keep down so long. It was a labored effort, I know, but you were afraid to be entirely serious, for fear that I might play false, and so trip you after all. I see your confidence in me, is not so strong as it should be.

Miss S. My Bible tells me, 'put not your trust in princes,' and I'm going to.

Mr. N. Then you were compelled to own up to a want of confidence in me! I know all the time, just as well as you did, but how nicely you got out of it! 'Learned not to put your trust in princes,' but rather, in a higher and nobler being! Oh, Sallie! I saw the 'cat under the meal.' I knew just what you would have like to say, and would have said, but for your generosity of soul which saved my feelings, as you knew it would. No, no! my darling, you don't catch me playing false with a good, confiding girl. I never do such things, but when I run afoul of a hard case, why the one that wins is the

best fellow you know. Now, to be serious, Sallie, I have some doubt and fears, some misgivings of your entire honesty; and I think I have the very best reasons for thinking so. First—I have the very best reasons for supposing that you are a coquet, a lover of conquest over men's hearts!

Second—your letter leaves me not a little in doubt, as to your entire seriousness; and may it not be that you intend to trip me—lead me along in a fruitless chase, and then turn upon me your killing battery? It is not possible that now, even while I talk as with an honest girl, you are playing the coquet, and are only seeing how far you can lead me on? I do have some fears that this may be so, but you do play false, Sallie, I'll be revenged—will upon my word! The fact is, I'm the easiest thing to manage in a kitchen; indeed, I'm as credulous as a kitten, and do many weak things, when I am met with open frankness, even though deceit covers the whole. It's true as preaching, to you know just how to manage me, and you did before this declaration. But never mind, if I get caught by you there is a comfort in knowing that I could not be caught by a fairer victor; and this is no slight comfort, let me assure you.

Mr. N. Then, you have never told me who and what you are particularly.

Miss S. Well I'm a little green-eyed, golden haired fairy, with a heart in the right place, that like every body's else has felt the 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.' I'm Mr. N. Plaque! Now Sallie, though I have heard by